

# The RED MIRAGE

by I. A. R. WYLIE

THE AUTHOR OF "THE BURNING OF THE BURNING," "DIVIDING WATERS," "ALL RIGHTS RESERVED," "THE BURNING OF THE BURNING."

**SYNOPSIS.**  
—13—  
Sylvia Omney, her lover, Richard Farquhar, finds, has fallen in love with Captain Arnaud of the Foreign Legion. In Captain Sower's room Farquhar forces Sower to have Preston's I O U's returned to him. Farquhar is helped to his rooms by Gabrielle Smith, Sower demands an apology. Refused, he forces Farquhar to resign his commission in return for possession of Farquhar's father's written confession that he had murdered Sower's father. Gabrielle saves Farquhar from suicide. To shield Arnaud, Sylvia's fiancé, Farquhar professes to have stolen war plans and tells the real culprit why he did so. As Richard Nameless he joins the Foreign Legion and sees Sylvia, now Mme. Arnaud, meet Colonel Destin. Farquhar meets Sylvia and Gabrielle, and learns from Corporal Goetz of the colonel's cruelty. Arnaud becomes a drunkard and opium smoker. Sylvia becomes friendly with Colonel Destin. Arnaud becomes jealous of Farquhar. Farquhar on guard at a villa where a dance is in progress, is shot down by Arnaud. Arnaud justifies his insanely jealous action to Colonel Destin. Arnaud goes to a dancing girl who loves him for comfort. Gabrielle meets Lowe, for whom she had sacrificed position and reputation, and tells him she is free from him. Sylvia meets Destin behind the mosque. Arnaud becomes ill but Sylvia will not help him, nor interfere for Farquhar.

Farquhar knows Sylvia to be a vain, selfish woman. Yet opportunity apparently comes to him to take Sylvia's love—such as it is—once more and bend this wife of another man to his purposes. Do you believe he will succumb to the temptation?

**CHAPTER XIII—Continued.**

"Comrade, in a few days we shall be going south—four hundred of us and thirty officers. The devil goes, too. We are to build his road for him, so that one day someone will give him a little red ribbon for his buttonhole. It is amusing, is it not? It makes one laugh. They will be able to use our skulls for mile-stones. I always laugh when I think of it. Yours will be among them. Have you thought of that?"

Farquhar smiled to himself.

"I shall not go with you," his brain answered.

"Merde! You will not desert us, comrade? We need you. We count on you. Four hundred men and thirty officers! How simple! We shall go so docilely. We shall march on and on, forty kilometers a day, right to the edge of the desert, and then one fine morning you shall blow the reveille and the thirty officers will go on sleeping, and we shall leave them there—and follow you wherever you lead, against the Arabs, against the devil himself, right through Morocco—to freedom! Comrade, you are a brave Englishman. We trust you. We will bear and suffer anything if you will lead us. If only a dozen of us get through we shall bless you. No evil can be worse than this. Death is for all of us sooner or later, and we would rather die as free men under you than as rats."

Farquhar struggled to free himself.

"Duty!" he said sharply and clearly.

He thought he heard a sigh and a curse—farther away now—and the shadow lifted. There were the stars once more, their pure serenity unchanged, and the white-glowing minarets lifting their lace-work of dreams high up into the light as of their inspiration. It was then that Farquhar saw her. He ground his teeth together so that he should not call her, and instead prayed—

"God keep her—oh, God help her!"

It had not been more than a breath, the first utterance of an unquashed sense of failure, but she heard it, for she came to him and knelt beside him. He felt her hand touch his forehead and glide swiftly over his helpless limbs.

"Sylvia!"

Her hands touched his wrists, and in answer the dull glowing fire burst out afresh and shot up along his limbs, burning deep into his brain, so that for a moment earth and sky became an endless blazing furnace. Then when the flame died down again he knew that her touch had set him free. He lay still, the cramped half-paralyzed body stretched out in the exhalation of relief, and she bent over him, peering into the quiet face with passionate anxiety.

"Richard!" she whispered imperatively. "Can you hear me? Do you know me?"

He looked up at her. In the pale supernatural twilight which hovered over the plateau his features bore that look of white transparency which belongs to death, but his eyes, black under the straight resolute brows, were deliciously alive. They were lifted to hers, but gazed beyond her intently and without recognition.

"I know you," he said. "I saw you coming. I tried not to call, but you must have heard my praying for you. Did you know I needed you?"

"Yes," she answered. Very gently she raised his dark head, so that it rested against her knee, and passed her handkerchief over his bloodstained lips. "We must be very quiet," she whispered. "No one has seen me—no one must see me. Will they come to see you again tonight?"

"No one will come to me again." It was very still. His hand groped for hers and held it with feverish strength. "It was an act of friendship," he gasped. "I understand—you were thinking of those other days—long ago—and you were merciful. You had judged and passed sentence—and then you forgave. I am glad—it was like you—like my dreams of you—"

"In your dreams did I pass sentence?" she interrupted in the same low tone.

"Yes—you remember—out there in the churchyard. What you said then—it has haunted me like a curse. 'I wish to God I had never met you, Richard!'"

"The woman who said that was cruel and foolish," she said. "She didn't understand."

"And now?"

"If I do not understand everything, at least I have still my faith."

"Faith? In whom? An outcast without name or honor?"

"You are not without name or honor. You may have strained both in that first defeat—I do not know how or why—but you have not lost them. They are yours still. I believe that they will be yours always."

"You know that? You believe that?"

"I know." Her arms were about him; she held his exhausted, tortured frame in a strong tenderness. "If I had not known I would not have come here to you. Only the best of us can fall from great heights. Only the bravest can pick themselves up and begin the long, heart-breaking climb back."

She lifted her white face to the sky, hiding the blinding tears. All was still again. The black grotesque shadow of the sentry crossed the fading line of campfires, and she crouched lower. He passed on indifferently.

"You are right," Farquhar went on at last. "That was what I prayed that you should understand. I had failed, utterly, ignominiously, but not ignobly. I can't explain. I shall never be able to; but I meant to go out of your life and leave you happy. It was all I thought of. Can you believe that?"

"I do believe it," she answered hoarsely.

"Thank you." He smiled a little. As though overtaken by a sudden irresistible thought, he dragged himself up and his eyes, sightless and yet tragically conscious, sought her face.

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"We Must Go on at Whatever Cost—We Must Go on."

"That night—at the Villa Bernotto's," he stammered—"was it for me that you risked so much?"

"Yes," she answered simply. "It was for you."

"What had you come to tell me?"

"That the woman who had made you suffer was unjust and unworthy of you. She knew nothing of life or pain or temptation. She judged like a child."

"Have you learned so much in these few weeks?"

"At least I know now enough to judge more gently."

He groaned in bitter recollection.

"That is the worst—to know that was all useless. Oh, Sylvia, it was all a terrible mistake. I should have fought for you—I never should have yielded place to that poor scoundrel—"

"No, no, Richard, not a scoundrel, but a man tempted and suffering and maddened like yourself."

His head dropped back against her shoulder.

"My God—what irony that I should judge—!" He seemed to drag his fevered thoughts together with a supreme effort. "What are you doing here?" he demanded with the old imperiousness. "How did you come here? It is not safe. If they found you—"

"They will not find me." She had

taken something from the pocket of her mantle and held it to his lips. "Drink this!" she commanded tersely. "It's of no good."

"I wish it. You must have strength to listen to me." He yielded and lay still, his bright delirious eyes fixed intently on the long white track of stars above him, as though it was from thence that her voice came to him. "It is not likely that we shall meet again," she went on rapidly, "and I want you to remember what I am saying—as long as you live. I am not unhappy, Richard—remember that. I have gambled away my heritage in a mad hour, and I have no right even to sorrow. I love you. I thank God that you came into my life. Remember that!" She bent over him and with her handkerchief brushed the sweat of breaking fever from his forehead. "Can you hear me still, Richard—can you still understand me?"

"I understand," he answered.

"You must live—for my sake. I am only a poor human being—I cannot do without you on my earth. And then—you cannot throw down your weapons now."

He started, as though at some far-off, familiar sound.

"That is what the little gray lady would have said. 'We cannot throw down our weapons in the first skirmish.' I have often thought of that. Tell her—I have not forgotten."

"I will tell her."

He was silent a moment. Then his eyes opened fully, and a smile of brilliant hope, as of a man who has laid strong hands on an adverse fate, flashed over his wan features.

"We must go on—at whatever cost—we must go on," he cried hoarsely. And with a swift change of tone, infinitely pathetic in its sheer joy and gratitude: "How beautiful you are, how beautiful—"

That was all. His voice, roused for that brief moment in the strength of a reborn happiness, passed like a ripple on the face of the deep silence. Very gently she slipped the long cloak from her shoulders and laid it over him. He did not move. The long-drawn-out seconds became minutes, the minutes—hours. One by one the great host of watchers above them flashed out, leaving a blank waste of darkness. A chill wind, sand-laden from the south, brushed against her face. Still she knelt there, with the man's unconscious head against her knees, her eyes fixed in proud strong patience on the western sky, where slowly, almost imperceptibly, the dawn was breaking. In all the glory of reawakened life the pale-gold heralds of the morning rose above the distant horizon and, gathering warmth and deeper fire as they swept the desert, broke in one mingled flood against the topmost minarets, which glowed back in splendid answer. The bivouac fires had long since died out, and the sickly ghost of night crept back into the groves of olive. From the high tower of the mosque a white-robed figure greeted the one God in solemn thanksgiving—

"Holiness to thee, O God, praise be to thee. Great is thy name!"

Then came the gay, joyous call of a bugle and the clatter of arms.

The woman rose slowly to her feet. She stood for a moment facing the grandeur of rising light; then she bent down, and with swift strong hands bound the unresisting figure into a semblance of his first helplessness. Stern indignation blazed in her eyes as she lifted them for a moment, but she neither flinched nor hesitated. Only as a stifled groan broke from the bloodless lips she bent lower and kissed him.

"Forgive me. God bless you, dear."

He smiled faintly, as though in apology, in weak unconscious gratitude, then, sighing, passed from stupor into a peaceful dreamless sleep.

**CHAPTER XIV.**

**The End of Ramazan.**  
On the outskirts of Sidi-bel-Abbes half a dozen Arabs stood and waited patiently. They had stood on the same spot since the hour of sunset, watching the pale emerald change to deepest sapphire, and had neither moved nor spoken to one another. In their spotless burnouses they had looked like statues placed there as sentinels over the gayly lighted, bustling town behind them. Now, as slowly, gracefully, the thin circle of the new moon rose above the distant line of palms, the foremost Arab bowed himself to the ground.

"The fast is over. Praise be to Allah, the all-merciful."

From the distance came the dull regular thud of horse's hoofs. A moment later a spahi, mounted on a foamed, blood-stained horse, which reeled in its gallop, burst through their midst and swept on toward the gates of the fortifications. As he passed he dragged himself up in his saddle and whirled his flint-lock in a semicircle about his head.

"Ramazan is over!" he gasped. "Ouled Nail has risen—"

The last words were lost in the swirl of wind which clung to his horse's heels. The half a dozen Arabs turned their glance for a last time to the sky. Behind the brooding, impenetrable gravity there burned up a controlled half-smiling exultation. Then, still silent, they dispersed swiftly in the direction of the town.

The Arabs are ready for revolt. This gives the Legionaires an opportunity to successfully mutiny against their officers. A strong man like Richard Nameless can lead the movement and draw to him a large force. Will he do so?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**Popular Requisites for Horsewoman**



There are riding suits and riding suits, and if you contemplate adding one or two of them to a summer wardrobe it is best to consult an authority on riding togs before making a choice. Most suits are made for real service, but even so, there is a difference between country riding and city riding. Some are designed for occasional use, where their display will give pleasure to the woman conscious of their charm. The fad for sports clothes is becoming and inspiring to the last degree.

Practically all young women and girls ride astride; a few—and the number is lessening—still wear skirts and cling to the sidesaddle. One occasional horsewoman is able to ride well either way, but in riding clothes the demand is for riding breeches, in such preponderance that even the divided skirt needs little mention.

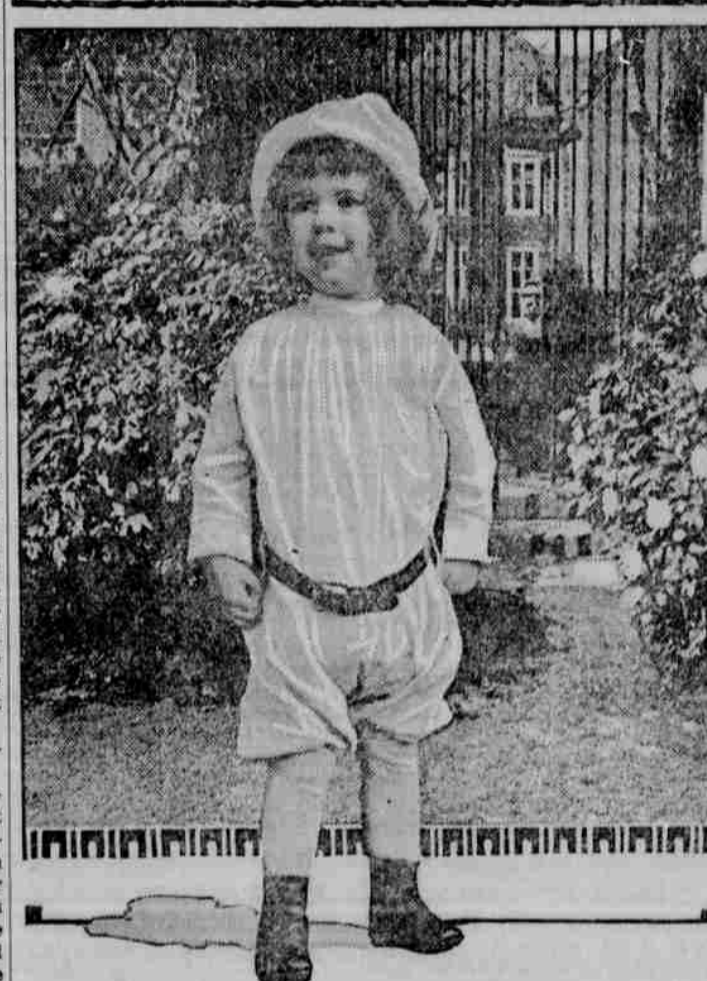
The materials in demand for practical wear are covert cloth, English tweed, corduroy, suede and reindeer leather, forestry cloth, khaki (in brown or white).

There is a choice in length of coat, but if one chooses to be exactly correct, the coat is short enough to show eight inches of the breeches, unmounted, and six in the saddle. There is a variety in coat models, among them the Norfolk and the English styles, and the coats for suits intended both for hunting and riding. A practical and dressy suit is pictured, made of hard-twilled serge in black and white check, with an adjustable cape.

Riding boots of soft black or tan calfskin, and those that lace up the front, belong to the regulation outfit. For very dressy suits patent leather is offered, but it is less comfortable than the others. Soft white shirts with prim collars and mannish riding hats complete a costume that may be depended upon to enhance the good looks of any woman. In hats the choice lies between clipped beaver, felt, milan straws, satin jockey caps, or severely tailored street hats, with the clipped beaver in first place.

Julie Bottomley

**Rompers for Boys and Girls**



Just as soon as the young adventurer in life has learned to stand alone, or even earlier, it is time to put him in rompers. Dresses are in the way, and make the business of learning to walk or to creep more difficult than it should be. The greater part of the time of babyhood is spent in rompers in those up-to-date homes where good sense governs.

There is a really wonderful variety in styles for rompers. Those who design them contrive to stamp them as boyish or girlish, even for the youngest wearers. They fasten in most unexpected places and are made to wash and iron with the least possible trouble. One may have a choice of patterns, including the models classed as "play suits," with fastening at the back or front, or those that slip on over the head and fasten up the inside of the legs. For the youngest wearers rompers are conveniently made like those shown in the picture. This model fastens at the back and at the crotch with buttons and buttonholes. The narrow leather belt gives shapeliness to the straight one-piece garment, and a decidedly boyish air to the wearer, so the comfort of the little lad of a year and a half is assured.

The rompers shown are made of cotton poplin, with a soft hat to match, of the same fabric. White rompers and hat are for the promenade, but dark cotton stuffs make those that serve for play. Dark blue calico, checked gingham, chambray, percales, and other practical weaves of cotton are used for them. Sleeves are likely to be short for summer wear, and pattern companies make their patterns to be cut with either long or short sleeves.

Julie Bottomley

**MOST VALUABLE FARM CROPS**

Trouble Experienced in Growing Clover, Alfalfa, Peas, Etc., Where Not Grown Before.

Legume crops (clover, alfalfa, peas, etc.) are among the most valuable of farm crops. Trouble is experienced at times, however, in growing them in new agricultural districts or regions where legumes have not been grown before. This difficulty oftentimes is due to the absence of the necessary tubercle bacteria from the soil in question. The practice should be followed, therefore, of inoculating the soil or seed when any of these crops are grown upon ground which has never grown the crop before.

This inoculation may be made by the use of soil from a field in which the legume has grown. This soil should be obtained from the old legume field and distributed over the field to be sown in legumes at the rate of approximately 300 pounds per acre, and at once harrowed or disked in. This operation should take place during the morning or evening or upon a cloudy day, as the intense sunlight destroys the bacteria. Care should be exercised in making this transfer of soil to get it from fields which are not infested with weeds.

Should such soil not be available, Dr. Ira D. Cardiff, director and botanist of the Washington agricultural experiment station, states that the next best method of procedure is to use a pure culture of bacteria which may be mixed with the seed before it is sown.

**STARTING WITH LIVE STOCK**

Grading-Up Method Recommended as Best Beginning—Use Best Pure-Bred Sire Obtainable.

The average farmer starting into the live stock business is not in shape financially to purchase purebred stock and conduct the business the way it should be. Purebred breeders should not try to set men up in the breeding business who have but very little money and practically no experience. An amateur, starting under such conditions, is almost sure to fail and instead of being a booster for better live stock, curses the breed that lost him money and the purebred breeders in general.

Those without considerable experience and some capital, wishing to start in the live stock business, will find the grading-up method the best in use.

Grading up a herd by the use of a purebred sire is the safest beginning.



Splendid Beef Type.

even for the prospective breeder of purebred stock. It is not only a cheap and safe way of starting in the breeding business, but it brings out plainly in the grades the main breed points and proves what good blood will do. Only a few generations of grading up will be sufficient to place before you a picture of breed characters not seen in years in purebred breeding on a small scale. The only danger in the beginner grading up a herd is that the first results are so satisfactory that to improve the next generation some promising grade is apt to be selected as a sire, which means the stopping of any further improvement.

By all means use a purebred sire as good and well bred as your financial condition will permit.

**VENTILATION FOR BROODER**

To Be Satisfactory Arrangement Must Be Made for the Introduction of Fresh Air.

A brooder in order to be satisfactory must have a provision for constantly introducing fresh, warm air under the hover for the chicks to breathe. A warmed box with no provision for effective ventilation compels the chicks to breathe the same air over and over again and it soon becomes practically poisonous.

**FITTING COLLARS ON HORSES**

Splendid Idea to Make Them Fit Snugly to Avoid Danger of Injuring the Shoulders.

In fitting collars on horses it will be to make them fit snugly. So long as the hand will pass readily between the front of the collar and the horse's neck at the bottom and sides, there is no danger of injuring the shoulder. The hames should then be carefully fitted to the collar.